

ENGINEERS PLIED PICK AND SHOVEL COMING AND GOING

But Between Times Even
Privates Bossed Million
Dollar Jobs

RAILROADERS A.E.F. VETS

First Yanks to Parade in London
Even if They Were Weak on
Squads East About

When the A.E.F. was very young, so young that the populace of French villages clustered around railway stations when American troops passed, and cried: "Vive Liberte! Vive l'Armee!" So young that when a couple of O.D. clads asked a wayside dame for a drink of water, she invariably led them to a farm house, brought forth wine and invited them to dinner, so young that Bordeaux had no M.P.'s and the Rue des Galles wasn't out of bounds—when, in other words, it was still August of 1917, a regiment of Railway Engineers detached at the town of St. Eulalie-Carbon-Blanc, hiked a kilometer up a road, and encamped in a couple of dozen Adrian barracks which had just been hastily thrown up by some P.G.'s under French instruction.

The first thing that happened to these Engineers, after their packs had been deposited on the hut floors, was an announcement that, pending further assignment, they would suffer forth each morning with picks and shovels, and dig ditches for a water system for the camp. Thus their initiation into the A.E.F. was much the same as that of other regiments of all branches of the service which came later. They sweated, inhaled dust and dug.

Justice, Poetic and Pathetic
A week ago last Tuesday the same regiment under almost the same conditions, except that mud had replaced dust, hiked into the same camp, and into the identical barracks—deposited their packs, took up picks and shovels, and went forth to dig. But the camp is now the embarkation center of Base Section number 2, and the regiment was on its way homeward, whether it started early this week, meanwhile, it picked and it shoveled. The last end of that regiment in France was therefore identical unto the first, a bit of poetic justice which would have made Socrates smile, although it was more or less calculated to make the members of the 18th Engineers (Railway) weep. The departure of the original railway engineering regiments of the A.E.F.—numbered 11 to 19 inclusive—does a chapter of American history in France which will leave its imprint on the map of Europe for more years than the members will be alive, for it was these regiments, arriving in the summer of 1917 and followed by other specialized engineering troops in later years, who handled the many great construction projects extending from base ports to front lines, building a score of American cities, cities of barracks, railroads, machine shops, which were the ground work for the Army of 2,000,000 which fought and toiled to beat the Hun.

These regiments were recruited from the pick of railway engineering talent in the States, assembled during the first months after our declaration of war, giving the briefest of military training and then overseas to work. They began with picks and shovels, later they constructed, installed and operated railroads, machine shops, projects of every kind, and they were the instruments of the ditch, they graduated to the biggest American built moils, the most powerful electric cranes, the heaviest pneumatic hammers, drop hammers, bridge building machinery—everything conceivable in constructive machinery.

Bucks on Million-Buck Jobs
Their ranks included builders and operators of everything that has to be built and operated. And if they came back at the last to the pick and shovel—well, they took it with a grin and laughed their way back into transports, as they laughed their way off. Some of them have been operating or building narrow-gauge lines up under the big shells, and some of them never left the husports, being mostly too busy to get away on leave, some of them have D.S.C.'s and some have D.S.M.'s. Many have no more chevrons than the day they landed, yet have housed hundreds of men and handled jobs that ran into millions of dollars. Others have won commissions and extra bars and gold bars and furs. Lots of them have been detached or transferred, and aren't in the bunch on the homeward journey. Lots of them have worked harder and done more for their dollar-ten a day, than they did in other years for that much pay.

First to Parade in London
Among the distinctions claimed by the group of engineers is that of having first paraded in London, which one regiment did early in August, 1917, and were complimented by King George, although they experienced some difficulties in keeping their alignment, but they had their own pride in training in squads east and west before embarking. Also the Railway Engineers were the first complete regiments of Americans on the front, one regiment being wiped out in the famous Cambrai affair with the British in October and November, 1917. The quality of engineering abilities in these regiments is attested by the numbers of men commissioned from the ranks, one company roster of 1917 now showing 17 names of warrant officers of the San Borne. Many of them were commissioned in the companies to which they belonged, without passing through training camps, a notable exception to the general rule which keeps the newly made subaltern away from the outfit in which he may formerly have done K.P. and fatigue duty.

The Railway Engineers are not grievously worried about jobs at home. Most of them have come closer to following their own lines of work than follows the lot of the average soldier, and while they haven't been exactly driving union scale while in France, they have learned much which will help them to command high wages at home.

PAINT AND GROW RICH

The art renaissance which has developed in the A.E.F., as exemplified by the divisional insignia, has been a very real thing, wearing gold chevrons, has just had a new manifestation around the embarkation camps at St. Nazaire.

Ed. James Moore, of the Casual Paint Shop, is the father and founder of a new school of art which is the outgrowth of painting methods originated in the camouflage service, combined with a style reminiscent of the early delirium tremens period. Private Moore is painting up issue steel helmets in many colors and designs for returning doughboys. The present expectation that A.E.F. soldiers will be allowed to retain the old steel hat they wore at the front is giving Private Moore many commissions. He is the one who painted the helmet—it is especially suitable if it has acquired a bullet hole or shrapnel gash—and paints on it a design conforming to the owner's ideas, usually emblematic of some regiment or battle or troop transport, a submarine usually figuring in the latter design.

AMERICA'S OLD HOME SECTOR



Seichprey
America's old home sector

Continued from Page 1

can be heard these days the sound of the hammer, for already the work of reconstruction is afoot even in that desolate town. But the hammers are French hammers and the buildings rising there are little French bungalows, made of wood. The roofs are red-tiled, of course. Workmen sent out by the French Government are putting them up to welcome back the civilians and out of the crumbled pile of rubbish that was once the village church, Monsieur le maire has rescued the church bell. It swings now from a wooden support, ready to ring in the village folk when they venture back.

For the villagers are coming back. Every once in a while a wobbly, impromptu, little train, consisting of a locomotive and two coaches, trundles forth from Toul and

lurches along till it reaches the trenches and wire near Elber. Then it expires. Out of it near the old folks of this unhappy country-side. The shake hands with the conductor and engineer, look around them puzzled and wistful, then pick up their bundles and scatter slowly to what is left of their villages.

Even in Amersbach—the blasted farming village which was captured by the 53rd Brigade—the villagers are putting about. One house is actually rising on the other side of the Rupt de Mad. For the old farmer who still resides resolutely in the cellar, four leisurely German prisoners are slowly and neatly rebuilding his home. The only member of the A.E.F. left in the vicinity is a pensive goat bestrodden upon the grateful farmer by a departing Yankee outfit, whose

masoot it had been. They also gave him some canned goods to which they were not particularly devoted, and other retiring American units have improved his larder considerably. The old farmer likes Americans.

Still Life in Vigneulles
Vigneulles, the little town in which the converging American forces met at dawn on General Pershing's birthday, still boasts some road members and from the desolate heights of Hattochattel, you can see American guards supervising the work of our prisoners who are quartered in the old quarry behind the town.

Speedy Arrival in 1917
The Medical Department was, perhaps, the best prepared service of the Army when the war began, due in part to the general high plane of medical and surgical development in the States, and to the organization of many university and medical college hospitals for Red Cross service before we entered the war. Exactly one month and one day after our declaration of war, an American base hospital sailed for France.

And between the 8th and 25th of May, 1917, six of these base hospitals left on their mission of mercy. It may be remembered that two nurses lost their lives by the explosion of a defective shell on board the Mongolia during her practice on the coast of France. On September 4, 1917, the first Americans wearing the American uniform were killed by Germans, when three enlisted men and one officer were killed in action, serving in a British hospital at Den Camiers were caught in an enemy air raid, from the front was a problem that followed closely in the wake of the provision of hospitals and the personnel to run them. The transport of 3,865 light Ford ambulances in the battle areas, organized by the American Red Cross, proved to be the best solution of a part of the problem. These were supplemented by the relay work of 3,070 G.M.C. truck ambulances. The last dispatch back to the bases were covered by hospital trains.

The Medical Department is the one branch of the service for which the war will end very slowly. On that bright November morning when ringing bells and happy voices proclaimed an armistice, 181,421 Yanks, about one in every ten in the A.E.F. were sick or wounded in the hospitals of the A.E.F. There are still 50,000 Yanks in A.E.F. hospitals.

Information for Homeseekers

THE U. S. RAILROAD ADMINISTRATION has established a "Homeseekers Bureau" to furnish information about opportunities in the several States to those who wish to be employed in the United States, and to those who wish to be employed in the United States, and to those who wish to be employed in the United States.

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A.E.F. AMUSEMENTS

The head field coach of the Third Army players is Miss Blanche Wenner, who spends most of her time riding through the Rhine mountain roads reviewing the shows. On her say-so depends largely whether or not a show is good enough for other divisions besides its own. The Y.M.C.A. director of the troupe is C. E. Durgue, formerly of Keokuk, Iowa, who once gained fame transporting an entire troupe in an airplane in order to give a performance on time.

Schuyler Ladd, who played the leading role in "The Yellow Jacket" for more than 1,000 performances last season, was starred as mess sergeant in more than 1,000 meals served at Base Hospital No. 8 in Saverney, has come back to the stage. But it is the A.E.F. stage, for he is one of "The Playlet Players," who have just launched a new production to tour the Army circuit. Sgt. Walter Hall, of the same outfit, is also in the company. Jack Storey, who came over as a member of the Over There Theater League to sing and play the piano, not only fulfills his contract in this respect, but to every one's surprise (including his own), emerges at the end of the evening as one of the most clerical and imposing bishops ever seen on the stage. Louise Hamilton and Marie Turpin play the feminine roles. It's a great show.

The various booking offices of the Army and the Y.M.C.A. are besieged with applications to play the Third Army, for all the entertainers have a great passion to be able to say afterwards that they toured the Rhineland and to send picture post cards to "Variety" and "The Mirror" from Coblenz. According to all reports, the Third Army is, therefore, being entertained as never an army was entertained before since the war began.

One of the lucky units just ordered there is an all-girl unit, the musical trio made up of Edith L. Myers, Lucy P. Bradley and Betty Maddox.

As the A.E.F. dwindles and dwindles, the number of its entertainers grows and grows. The month of April will see more than 100 entertainers in the A.E.F. A recent cable to Y.M.C.A. headquarters indicates that none of the big stars are available at this time for this work. With a few notable exceptions, this has been true ever since the beginning.

"The Keweenaw Frolic," the representative S.O.S. show, is rapidly becoming more or less of an institution in the theatrical firmament of A.E.F. attractions. Lieut. Col. Leon M. Logan and Capt. P. J. Donitz have combined the talents of the American forces to produce the best material available. Eddie Cox, feature of two New York Winter Garden productions, sings his own com-

positions, and John Schubert, the "Human Frog," formerly with Barnum and Bailey's circus, works directly over the heads of his audience. Combs, Ludwig and Mallison, of the "Theatricals," have had a show in the Rhine with great success, and a few of those who help toward the great success of this entertainment are nightly achieving throughout the S.O.S.

Being in Mesopotamia with Hindustani beauties all about them is about the last thing that could happen to a luck private of the A.E.F. It happens, however, in "The Hindustani Beauties," only the Hindustani beauties used to chase Germans before they became actors. "This Sixth Corps show is now playing in the Tons area."

Carroll MacComas, who played the title role in "The Salamander" and the leading part in "Seven Chances," has been starring in and down the Rhine with great success, where she has had the distinction of breaking one engagement to dinner with one major general and of being told by two sergeants and one corporal that she had talent and that they would like to give her a start on a Middle Western chautauqua circuit.

The cast of the "Crimson Coconut" gave a special performance for the Queen of Rumania on April 12 at Aix-les-Bains, and 25 men and a second lieutenant were awarded medals by the Queen.

Nantes and vicinity are being entertained by "The Coffee Coolers," a combination minstrel and vaudeville show staged by the personnel of Base Hospital 19.

P.O.'S FOR PARIS LEAVE MEN

For the greater convenience of Americans in the hotel and military offices of the A.E.F. in Paris, as well as for leave men, three sub-station post offices have just been established by the Postal Express Service. They are at 4 Place de la Concorde, adjoining Hotel Crillon, operating particularly as a Peace Conference branch; at the Elisee Palace Hotel, and at the new Grand Hotel, where mail for Army students in the Sorbonne is received and distributed. Other offices will be established as need arises. The main office of the American Post Office in Paris, A.P.O. 762, as well as the general offices of the Postal Express Service, are in the Hotel Mediterranee, 98 Quai de la Republique.

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MAKE THE BEST OF IT

You want to go home. Sure—most everybody in the A.E.F. does, but all can't go home at once. Some must stay quite a while longer. Then MAKE THE BEST OF IT. Which means: Make the best use of your spare hours in France. Many men in the A.E.F. are using spare hours to better prepare for civilian jobs. By General Orders Nos. 9 and 30, G.H.Q. has made possible educational opportunities in the A.E.F. Most important of these are in the post schools. In charge of each is a "post school officer." He's the man for you to see if you're interested in making good use of your spare hours.

Ask Yourself a Few Questions

What sort of job are you going after when you get home?
Can you fill a live business job?
Can you write a letter that will make the man who reads it want you in his employ?
Do you know shorthand? Business arithmetic? Business English?
If it's a mechanical job, are you a first-class man at your specialty?
If it's farming, do you know as much as you wish about stock-raising, farm management, soils, crop rotation, marketing?
If the post school of your outfit isn't offering the branch you want, see the post school officer of your outfit about having it offered.

Of course, you can't expect too much from a few weeks' or a few months' study in these months of waiting. Facilities are far from ideal—
But you can expect a great deal if you form the purpose to make the best of your spare hours and if you stick to it!
You can make a mighty good start right here in the A.E.F.—while waiting to go home. Approximately 200,000 A.E.F. men are making the best of their spare hours. Most of these are in post schools.

The Army Educational Commission, A. E. F.

By authority of
G. S. G. H. Q.

CROIX DE GUERRE WITH PALM GIVEN COLORS OF 32ND

More Than 200 Doughboys
and Machine Gunners
Honored by France

Doughboys of four regiments and members of three machine gun battalions, all of the 32nd Division, on Sunday were accorded one of the highest honors yet paid any division by the Allies. General Munz, commander of the Tenth French Army, with which they had carried out the successful attack on Juvigny last August, pinned the Croix de Guerre with palm on their colors following a ceremony at Dierdorf, near the headquarters of the division, in the Rhine bridgehead.

He also decorated scores of men and officers for acts of individual bravery. In all, 300 crosses have been received by this division, though only about 220 were given out by General Munz. In addition, Maj. Gen. Joseph T. Dickman, commander of the Third Army, distributed 24 Distinguished Service Crosses, the highest of the honors of each regiment and machine gun battalion. The French general's citation comprised the 63rd Infantry Brigade, consisting of the 125th and 126th Regiments and the 120th Machine Gun Battalion; the 64th Brigade, the famous "Brigade des Terribles," comprising the 127th and 128th Infantry and the 121st Machine Gun Battalion; and the divisional machine gun battalion, the 119th.

The division has just completed an annual association, an interesting feature of which is that it establishes a financial foundation by a life membership fee of \$2. In this way about \$50,000 has been received, the interest of which is expected to provide sufficient funds to operate the organization.

The next convention will be held next year in Milwaukee.

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BUDDIES

We hate to talk about ourselves.

We do, for a fact, despite the traditional willingness of the American to make known to the world the deeds of America. When it comes to handing laurels to our esteemed contemporaries we do it gladly. But where the A.E.F. is concerned we maintain a modest reticence.

Perhaps that is why the deeds of the Army nurses have not been duly chronicled in these columns. We have paid our compliments—every one of them well deserved—to the Red Cross, to the canteen workers, to all those noble women who have sacrificed the comforts of home for a precarious existence in a foreign land in wartime, and to whom we render all honors.

But of the Army nurse we have said little. Like the doughboy, she enlisted for her bit. She came into the service without desire for reward. She has rolled up her sleeves and toiled along with us. In short, she is one of us.

When everything is over and the inevitable fireside stories are born, there will come a time when the returned soldier will be recounting his experiences, and the girl who has been sitting there quietly will say, "Why, I was there, too. I was an Army nurse."

And then the man who went through it all will stretch forth his hand and say, "Shake, Buddy."

That is worth while.

LEST WE FORGET

Once upon a time—1917 to be exact, for this is not a fable—an American soldier in France cursed his lot. He was out of luck. All the things that you ever heard kicked about in the Army seemed to fall on him. Without a doubt, he was getting a rare deal, to speak conservatively of deals where some are very raw. He saw action and suffered a slight wound, to boot. He made it plain that while he had been glad to do his bit it was the last bit he would ever do. War was hell and any army was purgatory. Stop wars.

Then his luck changed. He was sent to Paris, where he got a soft job. He happened to have money of his own and he began enjoying life with a capital L. He forgot all about those seamy days. He began to talk about the glory of war. Germany ought to be licked again. This League of Nations was all poppycock. Exterminate the Germans, hurrah for the flag—and pass the champagne.

Not every one in the Army had the tough row to hoe that the villain of this piece did in chapter one. Pretty near nobody had the snap he had in chapter two. But a lot of men that saw war and knew it for the hell it is have short memories. How many of them, safe over the draft age and high up in an office window, will lean out and wave the flag for the next generation to go off to battle and jeer down the people as weak-minded idealists who talk of peace by arbitration?

The best thing to do with that army grouch is to cash it in on some constructive support of a permanent peace machine.

S. O. L.

This Army of ours is composed exclusively of S.O.L.'s. Everybody says so; therefore, it must be true.

We can't get our fourth helping of goldfish, so we're S.O.L. We can't get more than one pair of russet shoes at a time, so we're S.O.L. We can't get a leave of two weeks any oftener than once in four months, so we're S.O.L.

It's a wonderful life. The poor, down-trodden soldier—admitting his poverty and down-troddeness—always has one privilege, that of kicking. It may not do him any good, but still he can kick. And why shouldn't he? Isn't he S.O.L.?

There are, of course, a few things we must pass over. We are one of the best paid armies in existence; we are one of the best supplied armies; we certainly come from the best nation; we have all sorts of hifalutin Sam Brownes worrying about where we shall sleep and what we shall eat and what we shall drink (and what we shan't)—and all that kind of thing. But, withal, we still insist on being S.O.L. It's our natural prerogative, and we enjoy it.

There once was an American soldier who went to heaven—oh, yes, of course, he got there AWOL. St. Peter offered him the freedom of the city.

"But," complained the Yank, "now that I've got a pass, there isn't a doggone M.P. in sight to challenge me."

S.O.L., as usual.

WHERE HE SHINES

To readers of the letters that have appeared on this page from time to time in recent weeks, it is probably apparent by now that the second lieutenant—to call him by the title given him in the I.D.R., G.O.'s and other fascinating documents—thinks that the Army, as a whole, doesn't take him seriously. He imagines that the expressions, "shavetail," "looney," "loot" and the like signify disparagement; whereas, on the contrary, they more often than not signify affection. Isn't that what nicknames are for? And who ever heard of a general being called "Gen" or "Old Full-Tail"?

But whether or not the Army takes him seriously—and it does most assuredly, by making R.T.O.'s and M.P. officers out of many of them—there is one place in the world where the second lieutenant more than comes into his own. That is between

and on the covers of the magazines printed and distributed in the United States of America.

No self-respecting heroine, brain-daughter of a self-respecting short story writer, ever thinks of clinching in the last three paragraphs with anyone but a second lieutenant. No self-respecting mother, moreover, owns up to having anything less—or more—than a second lieutenant as her son. In the fairy realms of fiction the glory of the proud and paunchy lieutenant colonel, the gray and gouty general, the harsh and crabbed but oh-so-upright top sergeant is as nothing. No fiction editor will consider a story which does not have for its hero the much-aggravated, much put-upon, but none the less dapper—that's the word—and handsome shavetail.

The second looney's lot may be a bit hard over here—granted. With mere majors and captains ranking him out of his bed or his girl at every turn, it could hardly help being so. But when he gets home, preceded by the all compelling fiction barrage now being laid down in front of him, his conquest will be easy. And gosh. How he will enjoy it!

HELP! HELP!

After the earthquake, a voice, but neither still nor small. Indications multiply that with each returning troopship goes a species of soldiery easily flattered into assuming the mantle of oratory. It is now quite the mode, it is said, to open everything from a gathering of intellectuals in Faneuil Hall to a church club social with "a few words from one of the boys who has been over there."

Not long since at one of these meetings in Virginia the audience was treated to an unusually colorful portrayal of "actual war conditions" by one of the boys, who it later developed got all of his first-hand information from a pair of field glasses from a comfortable distance behind the lines. This young Demo-thene smilingly brushed aside all such things as crotches and mud as details and "went in for deeper things." So intense were his descriptions of the "great sea of silent bodies over which incessantly the troops moved forward," the "tumult and thunder pierced by the sharp cries and groans of dying men," and the "great hush that settled down over the field like the silent grief of Niobe," that "strong men trembled and women wept."

But it was in his peroration that he achieved his master stroke. From his place of great vantage he had not only commanded a picture of every detail of the battle, but he had been an eye witness of "men who went to their last long sleep like beasts caught in the great gun traps of a strange forest," told of how "they were stuffed away in shell holes with horses and mules," and concluded with the delicate thought that their "bright bodies were dark forever more."

The sooner the folks at home learn that the war neither made truthful men out of those of us who were liars nor orators out of those of us having merely the gift of gab, the better for all concerned.

DON'T WORRY—YET

A new kind of service flag is making its appearance in the States. It hasn't been very well standardized as to shape and design yet, but it contains stars, and each star represents a man in service. The flag is being flown by employers, and with it is frequently posted this information:

RETURNED SOLDIERS WORKING HERE.

Taking everything into consideration, the tone of recent news from the States as regards the attitude of employers toward returning soldiers is reassuring. It is a bold person who predicts what the economic condition will be in the United States during the next twelve-month or so, but it is apparently only a pessimist who paints the situation very black. Considering that the following headline was printed within two weeks after the division it was written about got back home, we can hardly get alarmed:

5,000 MEN OF—TH DIVISION WALK STREETS JOBLESS.

Maybe the 5,000 wanted to take a couple of weeks' rest.

EVER THINK OF IT

Some clever Englishman, commenting on French politeness, once remarked that, when a Frenchman bows, two-thirds of the bow is to himself. That may be true, and we have to admit that even the other third is quite a fraction more than most Anglo-Saxons offer.

Saluting is the same proposition. A snappy salute pulled by a buck to the most second of second lieutenants draws heavy interest; and the colonel who jerks his cigar a few centimeters from his still affixed cigar is only insulting himself and the Army.

If some privates were a little more polite to themselves, the saluting troop would never be sprung and the joke would all be on the other side of the military fence.

"HOPING YOU ARE THE SAME"

The art of letter writing, as practiced in the A.E.F., is not one which grows easier with custom. Quite the contrary.

Filling four or five or more sheets was a simple matter one or two years back. It was not especially difficult six months back. And after the armistice and the almost unconditional surrender of the censorship the floodgates of personal news were opened with a vengeance. Documentary history began to flow westward in bulky bundles which, in transatlantic days, would have made drug clerks shrug their shoulders, squint at the scale, and politely suggest a couple of more cents' worth of stamps.

That era passed. The A.E.F. fairly wrote France under. There are people at home wearing gingham aprons and opening oven doors with them to see if the pie crust is burning who know the Rue Nationale at Tours or the viaduct at Chaumont or the Place Stanislaus at Nancy almost as well as they know Church Street and the Potter Memorial Library, all without ever leaving Homeville.

And now we still take our pen in hand, but what the hell is there to say?

The Army's Poets

SAMUEL BROWNE

(As Poe Might Have.)

A heck of a long, long time ago,
In a dwelling in our town
There lived a bird whom you may know.
By the name of Samuel Browne;
And when this guy was down-and-out,
To our house he'd come down.

I was a kid, and he was a kid,
And we used to chum around,
And half my clothes and half my dough
I gave to Samuel Browne,
And we loved with a love that was hard to beat,
Me and Samuel Browne.

But now on the street if we chance to meet,
Me and Samuel Browne,
He passes by, for he wears bars,
And a brand-new Samuel Browne;
But after the war, I'll get him a job,
Back in our old home town.

HOWARD A. HERTY,
Regt. Sgt. Maj. M.P.C.

MOVIES

Last night
Mr. and Mrs. Ed
Went to the movies
An' they showed a picture
From home
It was one of them
"Smile Pictures."

The kind
Where you see
The home folks
An' it was took
In Paterson
An' I'm from Paterson
An' so is Ed

An' they showed
Lots of folks
From Paterson
An' all of a sudden
An' a shout-out
An' jumped up,
An' waved his hands
'Cause there
On the screen
Was his ma
An' his sister,
An' he yelled:
Hello, Ma!
Hello, Ma!

The dumb fool!
An' I almost yelled
Hello, Helen!
'Cause I know
Ed's sister
Ge!

G. A. C.

CLOUDS

Soon on soft, scented winds, death's fogs, I
know,
From home and hill and wood will mount, and
go.
Transformed as fair as clouds, into the dawn,
Not from a trench in France your dimmed, dead
eyes.

Made clearer with a light, will see them blown
Far from this martyred land into the skies.
But, from a dell in that strange Paradise,
Over the hills of life where you have gone.

All day I watched them float, high in the blue,
Made beautiful by light. As clouds they rose
Over the hills, at noon, in hushed repose
There was a day, remember, I asked you
If life, through which men moved, and death,
which goes

As winds through light from life, made men
like those.

Sgt. HARDWICK NEVIE.

TO MY FIRST BUNKIE

(Lieut. Walter Flato, killed in action, Flanders, 1918.)
We're standing, at attention and our heads are
holdin' high
We're handin' out a real salute, Old Bunk, as
you go by.

The captain's lookin' straight ahead, the col-
umn
As the litter that's carryin' you goes creepin'
up the hill.

The flag that's on the box you're in just makes
our feelin's worse
'Cause it has the squeakin' litter lookin' mighty
like a hearse.

And I'm wonderin' what you're thinkin' of the
feelin's of gu-
As the litter that's carryin' you goes wheelin'
slowly by.

LLOYD M. THOMAS,
Lieut., Inf.

IN HEAVEN, TOO!

I wonder, is some special saint
Or angel, looking down on you,
To keep a record of the good
It does me to possess your love?

The work would be too much for one—
He'd be a time for harp and hymn—
I guess they run a roster on
The seraphim and cherubim.

J. L. D.

TO A PICCOLO

Little old man with cheek of tan,
Playing your piccolo hard as you can,
Playing in England, playing in France,
Playing for sick men, playing to dance,
Playing for those who have gone to their rest,
Giving courage to those who have given their
best.

Giving yourself and all you hold dear
To those who have need of your music and cheer.
THE PICCOLO'S WIFE.

STEVEDORE STEVE

Yassir! Day calls me Stevedore Steve,
But mah name is Privit Brown.
Number 'Lebenteen hundred an' som'n
Day got hit all writ down
On dis yer dawg-tag round mah neck
Jest so I can't forget.
Hit's on mah surface record, too,
Whutever day's done wid hit.

Dat surface record? Ah dunno.
Cap'n dunno, Kunnel dunno.
Ain't nobody seed dat doymint
Per sixteen months or mo'.
On dis yer dawg-tag round mah neck
Doll'ar a day, for sixteen months.
I could buy me a couple o' banks.

Day had me in de Infantry
When I fust come acrost
But when I gits off dat steamboat
I nacherly gits phum lost.
I meets merletier, wid a red cap on
An' I ax about Company "D"
But dat foot nigger just waxes his han's
An' he tell me "Jonnie Compree."

"Tee please ter meet you, Mister Compree.
I didn't ax yo' name.
I ax you 'What is Company D?'
But he answer jus de same:
"Jonnie Compree!"
Den dey tuck an' put me in jail
Wid a barb wire fence all round' hit
An nobody to go my bail.

An' de judge—leaswile, de Kunnel,
He gin me sixty days.
An three-thirds pay—or sum'n like dat
An told me ter mend my ways.
Wal, I get dem sixty days, all right,
But he's whuts on mah min'
Ef I don't make no pay-days
How's I gwine pay dat fine?

But dey never did ax me fer hit.
An' when mah time was up
Dey sent me down to St. Nazaire
Whar dey tells me, "You's out o' luck."
Well, mebbe I is, but I dunno.
I like dis place all right.
Plenty ter eat, and a place ter sleep
An' 'crap games ever' night.

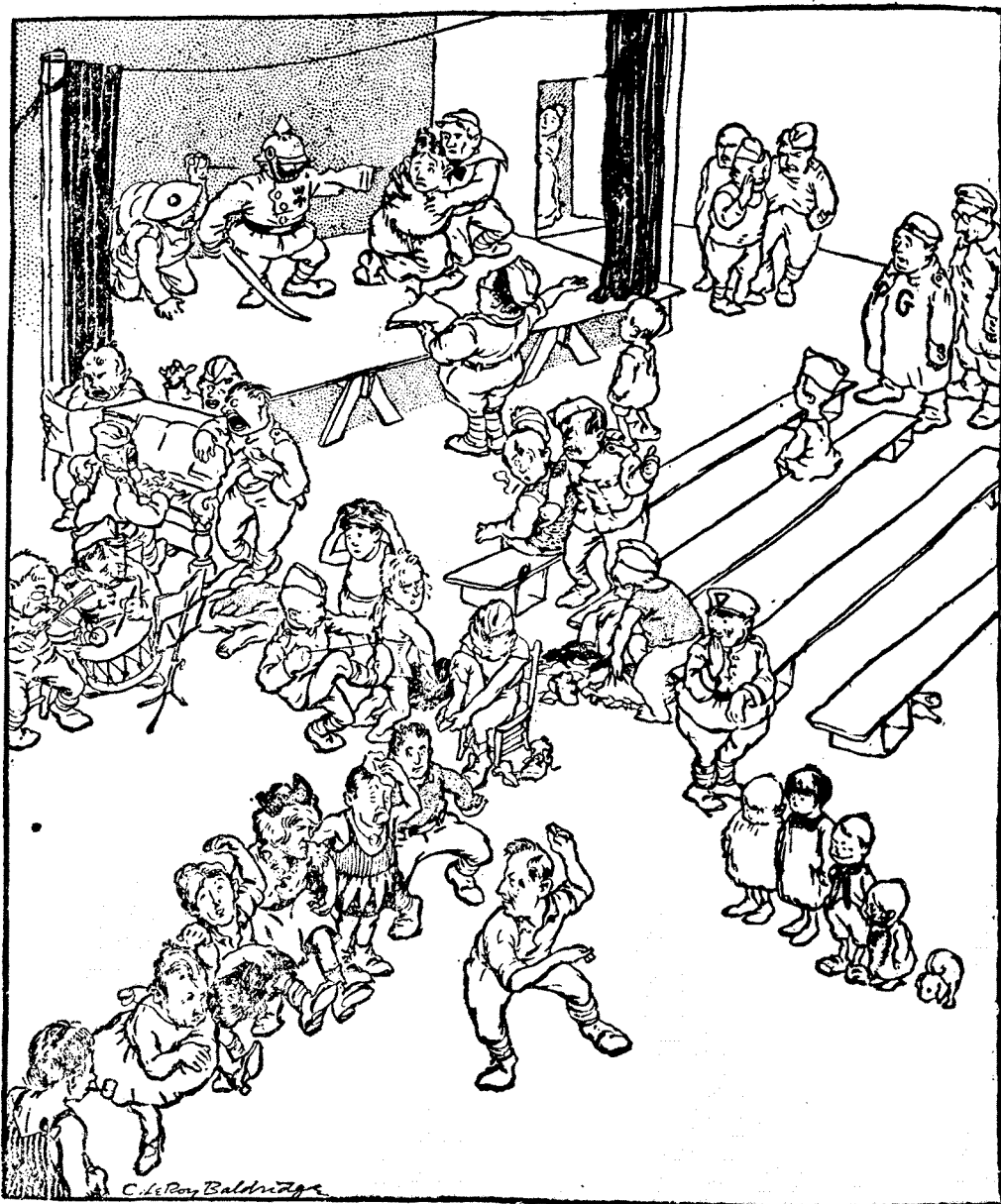
Whut does I keer fer pay days?
Dat don't worry me a-tall;
I just waiters in five-frank bills
More'n I care to haul.
I works all day for de Army
From reveille 'till taps.
An' after taps I works fer myself
Wif mah rabbit foot an' 'craps.

Dis rabbit foot is ginewine
Ketched in de dark o' de moon.
Grave yard rabbit! Lef' him foot!
Talk 'bout a lucky coon!
Water kain't drown me, razzar kain't cut me,
Bullets just pass me by.
An nobody kin fad me dead 'craps—
Taint no use ter try.

Dey was some No'then white man,
I see heerd de Cap'n tell,
I disremember whut's his name,
He 'low dat he's a Jew.
But as long as mah rabbit foot holes out
I don't never want ter leave.
Dis place don't look like Paradise
But hit's 'nough fer Stevedore Steve.

WILLIAM J. SMITH,
2nd Lieut., F.A.

"THE PLAYS' THE THING"



NOW, THE MESS SARGE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Our collective friend, Louis II, having aired his grievances before the High Court of THE STARS AND STRIPES readers, I rise to defend that much slandered man who, with his sidekick, the supply sergeant, is popularly credited with enjoying mysterious and illegal sources of income at the company's expense.

Why pick on the mess sergeant?
In the first place, who ever wanted to be a M.S. anyway? Very few, if any. After a few months' close association with beans and slumgullion in the making squads east sounds like a rare adventure. We don't even class with the M.P.'s—whenever heard of the query as to who won the war being answered, "The Mess Sergeants!"

The Q.M.C., in its infinite wisdom, issues macaroni, tin willie and goldfish. Not being an alchemist, the M.S. is unable to convert willie into fried chicken. But whom does the irate buck heap curses upon, when willie and beans arrive on his mess kit—the issuing M.S., think you? Not by a deuce of a sight, as the Y song book would put it. "Dang that blinked belly-robbin' to Brest," he shouts, consigns W. and B. to the incinerator, and rushes out to spend his francs for pommes de terre in some vin rouge parlor.

They sigh for Mother's Cooking (capital letters and reverent voices), and test the M.S. should fail to get the point, they hint that a nice mess of chicken, some sweet potatoes and ice cream sure would go good. Mother bought whatever the market offered, and cooked it for a family of, say six, assisted by Maggie, the female K.P.

In most cases the Q.M. plays the star and only part as market. It would be a poor compliment to mother under the circumstances if we could even approach her results.

But we try. We lose our appetites also upon the appearances of tin willie, so out of our sympathy comes the resolve to do a masterly job on that unlabeled commodity. We prepare it with onions, mould it, fry it—ham-burger steak. (I almost wrote that hamburger steak.) Is the company fooled? Not so you could notice it. "What tell?" snorts the first buck in the line, "corn Billie again!"

So it goes, day after day, till even the hours from taps to reveille are filled with the ghosts of Willie and Goldie. Alone, friendless, cursed alike by the details under him and the company he serves, the mess sergeant passes his thankless days belly-robbin' and camouflage artist being the mildest of the epithets he bears.

But he doesn't care. Like the martyrs of old, a power more than earthly sustains his drooping spirits. Lost in the rapt contemplation of the beauty and mystery of slum, his hours are passed in a state of exaltation that recalls not even a buck private.

ONE OF 'EM.

HOW MUCH?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

If the vote were put up to the A.E.F. as to whether we should drop out of the Peace Conference and let Europe set up the same old system over again, and have the A.E.F. sail back the next day, how many men would trade the chance of putting over what they enlisted to fight for the selfish chance to get home?

I wonder. And I would like to hear more from some other people on that score. It is an open secret that President Wilson stands against the world in his attempt to put over a square deal for the world and what he calls the "common man."

How much is the common man, or the common soldier, willing to do for him? I don't believe he's willing to do even his bit.

PRIVATE GLOOM.

THEY'RE OFF!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Would you be kind enough to print the following challenge to a formal debate in your next issue:

The American students at the University of Poitiers challenge American students at any other French university to a formal debate, subject and other necessary details to be arranged by correspondence.

Address all replies to

E. GEWALD DE TOLL,
8 Rue des Penillants,
Poitiers, Vienne.

HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO

From THE STARS AND STRIPES of April 18, 1918.

A.E.F. MEN CARRY \$1,250,000,000 IN WAR POLICIES—Sales Made Under Fire—Officer Agents Do Business That Home Boosters Are Lucky to Get in Lifetime—Parties Travel Gypsy Style—Last Chance Spurt Takes Insurance Sellers to Every Part of France and into Europe.

TWO BOCH PLANES FELL BY YANKS—Clean and Quick Victories Scored by First American Trained Aviators—Card Game Has to Wait.

BASE CENSOR IS WISE TO ANYTHING YOU SAY—And If You Come in a Language He Isn't Hep To, He'll Find Someone Who Is—Right in This Man's Army.

FRECKLES IN FRANCE! THEY DON'T GROW 'EM—War Orphans Campaign Manager Falls Down on Important Order—Fifty Mascots Now Adopted in A.E.F.

POOR OLD FARMER LEADS HARD LIFE—Mr. Hoover Wants More Crops and Court Calls Cider Licker.

THANK YOU, SISTER!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Because THE STARS AND STRIPES is our very own paper, we members of the A.E.F. family feel that we can find fault with it as well as feel grateful to it for all it does for us. That is why I venture to take exception to a few words in your recent editorial entitled "100 Per Cent."

In the name of the girl workers to whom you pay so wonderful a tribute, I want first to thank you with a full heart for words that must inspire us all to greater efforts still. Then I want to find fault—serious, grave, unmistakable fault—with one expression you have used: "The rough thoughtfulness of the soldier." Although assigned to duty with the French Army on the old front, it has been my privilege to serve also members of different American outfits that have come into this sector on duty or leave, and in Paris and elsewhere. I have also seen a great deal of the A.E.F. May I venture to amend your paragraph and to suggest, that, after you have spoken (as you did) of the long hours, hard work and small rewards of the canteen workers, you should substitute for your final sentence the following:

"Yet they meet so often such thoughtfulness, protection and chivalrous consideration from the roughest soldiers that they cannot but feel it is a sufficient reward to be an American and a member of the A.E.F."

And when you say, "Thank you, sisters, after all that you have done for us," why, you are only proving my contention.

WHO GOT THE POMMES?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Being a constant reader of your valuable paper, I would like you to tell me what has become of the big red apples which every member of the A.E.F. was to receive in return for the goldfish which was to be given to the French.

There is something wrong, 'cause we have been eating goldfish twice a day for the past three weeks.

Like the sparrow, we can't live on promises.
UN AUTRE BUCK.

ANY TAKERS?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I have under my charge Sgt. Allen Raynor, of whom no doubt you have heard in dancing contests in the States, where he won several medals, especially the "See Twist." I would like you to publish this challenge:

Sergeant Raynor agrees to out-dance any man, black or white, in the A.E.F. Any one accepting this challenge can name the grub—either corn beef, eggs, beef or macaroni. He is also very fond of salmon and alum.

Will post forfeit for appearance.

JAMES E. PAUL, Manager,
Supply Co., 110th F.A.
A.P.O. 748.

OH, COME, GEORGE!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I would like very much to challenge the mail record of Cpl. W. L. McDonough, 104th Ammunition Train, 29th Division, on behalf of his buddy, in the issue of your most valuable paper of March 21, 1919.

Several years ago, when I was a member of G Troop, 1st Cavalry, station at Camp Stotsenburg, P. L. I had a bunkie (that is what we called them in the olden days), and we wrote to two girls who were in the "Look-Alike-Twin" Contest of the Boston Globe, and in some way the Boston Globe found out that these two young ladies had received letters from the far-off Philippines from two Beans, Crusaders. The editor naturally wanted to show the people who subscribed to that little small town paper how it was distributed all over the globe, and he willfully published the two letters.

Several weeks passed and then the mail began to arrive, and, having no Y.M.C.A. or Salvation Army huts in those days, free reading was at a premium. The troop commander and the commanding officer having become very much disgusted with the idea of having our regimental horses turned into draying horses for the use of delivering the mail to our company barracks, after waiting two years patiently, got mad and went back to the States.

Previously there had been only one transport per month to and from the Islands, but after one month 12,987 were pressed into service, which did not relieve the congestion. Consequently, President Roosevelt sent the big fleet around the world to deliver the letters that had been held up in New York City for a few days on account of same being poorly addressed. After six years' service in the Islands in three different outfits, we were informed by the Postmaster General, Washington, D. C., that no more mail would be delivered, on account of Congress having refused to appropriate \$86,000,000,000 to buy compasses on the new mail boats. So we cabled back to deliver our mail to the leading paper mills of the country, which the said Postmaster General readily agreed to do.

The royalty on this salvaged paper for my part for the first year amounted to a little over enough to loan all the Allies more than enough to pay for their cost of the war, and the mail that we left in the Islands raised the island of Luzon 57 feet. One shipment of mail, I might say, was wrecked and washed upon the shores of Hindenburg, and it enabled him to make bed sacks for 10,000,000 of his followers. I should have said "leavers," for believe me, around Verdun there were some left. They might have been right in 1915, but they are left now. I alone donated the paper to the various organizations in France for the Allied soldiers to write their letters back.

People today wonder why Flieger built the Florida overseas railroad to Key West and why there are 1,372 double railroad tracks from Manila, P. I., to Camp Stotsenburg, P. L. and 7,000,000,000 people will wonder why in hell I have not been salvaged by a medical board for sanity.

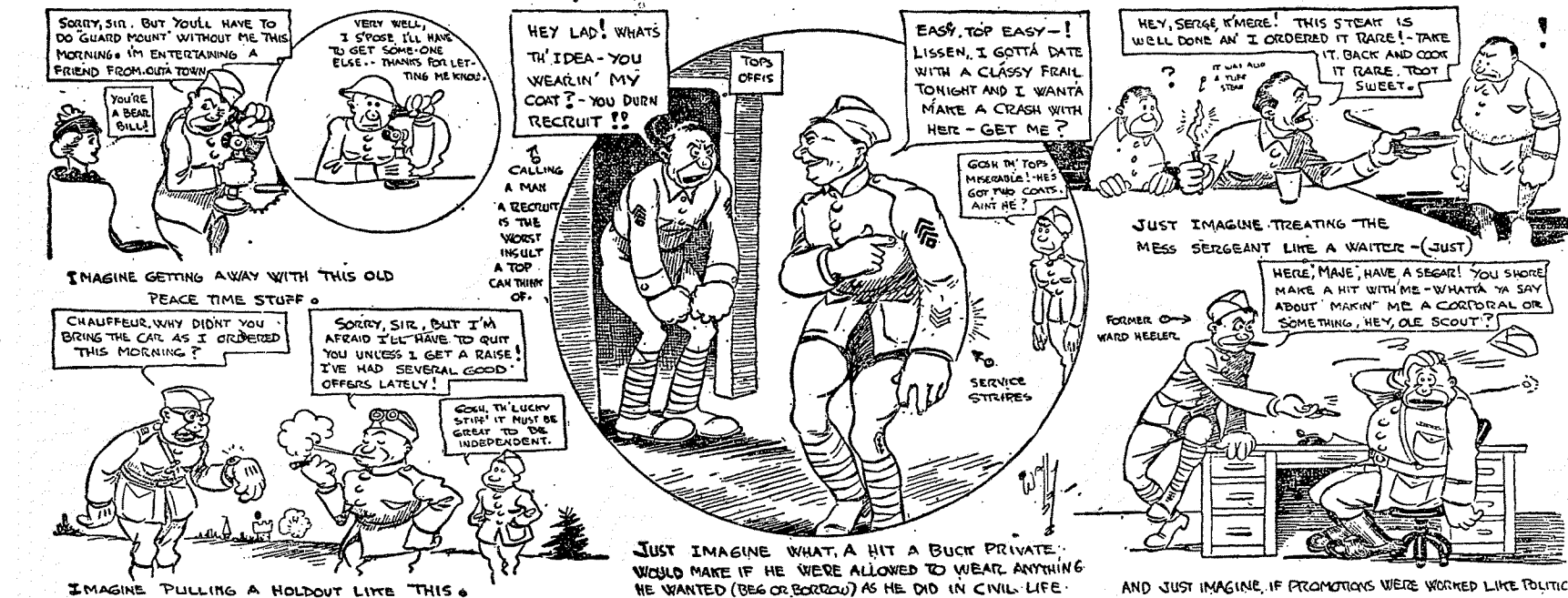
Yours for another year or two in France.
GEORGE D. CARTER,
Co. A, 23rd Engrs
Rear Rank, No. 1.

"RAUS

IMAGINE CIVILIAN BUNK LIKE THIS!

[Originally appeared in
"The Stars and Stripes"
of May 17, 1918.]

-By WALLGREN

BORDEAUX AFTER A.E.F.
DIAMOND CHAMPIONSHIP
ORGANIZES THREE LEAGUES

That Bordeaux is out after the S.O.S. baseball pennant is not a secret. And if good management and good when placed on intimate speaking terms with a hard slugging, sure fielding aggregation of big leaguers and semi-pros will do anything toward getting the strip of cheese cloth, the Wine City crew are well on their way.

Under the leadership of the base athletic officer, and with the cooperation of the Y.M.C.A. Regional Athletic Office, plans for the pili wallpayers have been completed, which include every corner of the big base and leave no district without organized baseball leagues.

M.T.C., Souge, Pauillac, Beau Desort, Ponton, Capiteux and Bassens, while the City League boasts the University of Bordeaux, the Motor Service Park, Base Headquarters, the Signal Corps, the 31st Supply and the Military Police.

Additional leagues and associations are scattered throughout the base, with six teams entered at Toulouse University, 12 teams in the Ponton area, eight teams from the 32nd Division balling area, three leagues of eight teams each entered in the St. Andre area, and other leagues of six and eight teams at Capiteux and Libourne.

Leagues Organized Everywhere

In addition to the S.O.S. team which Bordeaux will enter in the major leagues, the plan includes a host of base leagues and associations.

The territory immediately surrounding Bordeaux has been divided into three districts, one east of the river Gironde, another west, and the third in the city. These leagues—the Eastern, the Western, and the City—have a schedule of baseball games up to the S.O.S. final baseball tournament at Tours, the last of May and first of June.

In the Eastern League are entered eight teams from St. Sulpice, St. Andre, St. Louis, Genie, Libourne, and Capiteux. In the Western League eight teams are listed, the 13th Marines, the

Pennant Winners to Clash

Following the conclusion of the various league schedules, a baseball series will be staged during the latter part of May, the winner to represent the Bordeaux territory in the S.O.S. finals at Tours and, it is hoped, in the A.E.F. finals at Paris against the pennant holders of the First, Second and Third Armies.

That Bordeaux has an excellent chance to make a good showing is the belief in baseball circles, for a host of material is available on which she is able to draw. Among the players who are in harness are many with professional baseball experience, such as Imherlek, a Pittsburgh twirler; Cordeau, an old-timer from New York State and the New England League; Sullivan, of the Cubs; Snediger, of the Detroit Americans; and Bloom, of the Peoria Cubs. I. League, includes stars also in line, including Bill Armstrong of Syracuse; Cameron, of the University of Illinois; and Ives, of Valparaiso University.

The Eastern and Western Leagues opened their season on March 26, while the City League started play March 30.

LIPPENCOTT STARS
IN TRACK MEET OF
PRAIRIE DIVISION

Before a crowd of 10,000 soldiers in the picturesque little hamlet of Echtenach, in Luxembourg, the 108th Ammunition Train romped home a winner in the track and field meet conducted by the 33rd Division for a handsome silver cup offered for competition by Gen. George Bell, Jr.

Blue skies and a bright sun made the track good and, with special trains being run to bring the doughboys to Echtenach from all over the area, the occasion proved to be the biggest holiday of the year.

Ben Lippencott, 108th Ammunition Train, took the 100 and 220-yard dashes and proved the backbone of the relay team from the Train.

SUTMILLER CARRIES
OFF HONORS IN M.G.
ATHLETIC CARNIVAL

Sergeant Suttmiller and Corporal Kopp carried off the honors in a track and field meet conducted at Melbach, Germany, by the 6th Machine Gun Battalion, 2nd Division.

The sergeant took first place in four events, the hop, skip and jump, running and standing broad jumps and running high jump. Corporal Kopp distinguished himself by copping the 220 and 440 yard dashes.

Private Douglas, of the 77th Company, distanced a big field in the 880-yard run, while the mile went to Private Lily, another 77th Company runner.

Private Spencer and Corporal Bradley of the 81st Company, exhibited splendid teamwork in the three-legged race, winning easily.

The Summary

100-Yard Dash—Won by Sergeant Suttmiller, 77th Company, Distance, 37 feet 6 inches.

220-Yard Dash—Won by Corporal Kopp, Headquarters Detachment, Time, 20.3 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—Won by Corporal Kopp, Headquarters Detachment, Time, 43.5 seconds.

880-Yard Dash—Won by Private Douglas, 77th Company, Time, 2 minutes 25 seconds.

1 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 5 minutes 15 seconds.

2 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 11 minutes 15 seconds.

3 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 17 minutes 15 seconds.

4 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 23 minutes 15 seconds.

5 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 29 minutes 15 seconds.

6 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 35 minutes 15 seconds.

7 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 41 minutes 15 seconds.

8 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 47 minutes 15 seconds.

9 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 53 minutes 15 seconds.

10 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 59 minutes 15 seconds.

11 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 65 minutes 15 seconds.

12 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 71 minutes 15 seconds.

13 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 77 minutes 15 seconds.

14 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 83 minutes 15 seconds.

15 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 89 minutes 15 seconds.

16 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 95 minutes 15 seconds.

17 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 101 minutes 15 seconds.

18 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 107 minutes 15 seconds.

19 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 113 minutes 15 seconds.

20 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 119 minutes 15 seconds.

21 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 125 minutes 15 seconds.

22 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 131 minutes 15 seconds.

23 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 137 minutes 15 seconds.

24 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 143 minutes 15 seconds.

25 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 149 minutes 15 seconds.

26 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 155 minutes 15 seconds.

27 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 161 minutes 15 seconds.

28 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 167 minutes 15 seconds.

29 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 173 minutes 15 seconds.

30 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 179 minutes 15 seconds.

31 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 185 minutes 15 seconds.

32 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 191 minutes 15 seconds.

33 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 197 minutes 15 seconds.

34 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 203 minutes 15 seconds.

35 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 209 minutes 15 seconds.

36 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 215 minutes 15 seconds.

37 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 221 minutes 15 seconds.

38 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 227 minutes 15 seconds.

39 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 233 minutes 15 seconds.

40 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 239 minutes 15 seconds.

41 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 245 minutes 15 seconds.

42 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 251 minutes 15 seconds.

43 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 257 minutes 15 seconds.

44 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 263 minutes 15 seconds.

45 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 269 minutes 15 seconds.

46 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 275 minutes 15 seconds.

47 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 281 minutes 15 seconds.

48 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 287 minutes 15 seconds.

49 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 293 minutes 15 seconds.

50 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 299 minutes 15 seconds.

51 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 305 minutes 15 seconds.

52 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 311 minutes 15 seconds.

53 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 317 minutes 15 seconds.

54 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 323 minutes 15 seconds.

55 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 329 minutes 15 seconds.

56 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 335 minutes 15 seconds.

57 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 341 minutes 15 seconds.

58 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 347 minutes 15 seconds.

59 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 353 minutes 15 seconds.

60 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 359 minutes 15 seconds.

61 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 365 minutes 15 seconds.

62 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 371 minutes 15 seconds.

63 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 377 minutes 15 seconds.

64 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 383 minutes 15 seconds.

65 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 389 minutes 15 seconds.

66 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 395 minutes 15 seconds.

67 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 401 minutes 15 seconds.

68 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 407 minutes 15 seconds.

69 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 413 minutes 15 seconds.

70 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 419 minutes 15 seconds.

71 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 425 minutes 15 seconds.

72 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 431 minutes 15 seconds.

73 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 437 minutes 15 seconds.

74 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 443 minutes 15 seconds.

75 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 449 minutes 15 seconds.

76 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 455 minutes 15 seconds.

77 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 461 minutes 15 seconds.

78 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 467 minutes 15 seconds.

79 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 473 minutes 15 seconds.

80 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 479 minutes 15 seconds.

81 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 485 minutes 15 seconds.

82 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 491 minutes 15 seconds.

83 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 497 minutes 15 seconds.

84 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 503 minutes 15 seconds.

85 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 509 minutes 15 seconds.

86 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 515 minutes 15 seconds.

87 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 521 minutes 15 seconds.

88 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 527 minutes 15 seconds.

89 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 533 minutes 15 seconds.

90 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 539 minutes 15 seconds.

91 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 545 minutes 15 seconds.

92 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 551 minutes 15 seconds.

93 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 557 minutes 15 seconds.

94 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 563 minutes 15 seconds.

95 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 569 minutes 15 seconds.

96 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 575 minutes 15 seconds.

97 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 581 minutes 15 seconds.

98 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 587 minutes 15 seconds.

99 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 593 minutes 15 seconds.

100 Mile—Won by Private Lily, 77th Company, Time, 599 minutes 15 seconds.

Track Events

100-Yard Dash—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 11.5 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 23.5 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 47.5 seconds.

880-Yard Dash—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 95.5 seconds.

1 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 2:01.5.

2 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 4:03.5.

3 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 6:05.5.

4 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 8:07.5.

5 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 10:09.5.

6 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 12:11.5.

7 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 14:13.5.

8 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 16:15.5.

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17 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 34:33.5.

18 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 36:35.5.

19 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 38:37.5.

20 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 40:39.5.

21 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 42:41.5.

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23 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 46:45.5.

24 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 48:47.5.

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28 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 56:55.5.

29 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 58:57.5.

30 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 60:59.5.

31 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 63:01.5.

32 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 65:03.5.

33 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 67:05.5.

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35 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 71:09.5.

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61 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 124:01.5.

62 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 126:03.5.

63 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 128:05.5.

64 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 130:07.5.

65 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 132:09.5.

66 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 134:11.5.

67 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 136:13.5.

68 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 138:15.5.

69 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 140:17.5.

70 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 142:19.5.

71 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 144:21.5.

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98 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 199:15.5.

99 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 201:17.5.

100 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 203:19.5.

Field Events

Shot Put—Won by 122nd F.A., 131st Inf., second: 124th M. G., third: Distance, 38 feet.

Pole Vault—Won by 122nd F.A., 131st Inf., second: 108th Engrs., third: Height, 10 feet.

High Jump—Won by 122nd F.A., 131st Inf., second: 108th Engrs., third: Height, 5 feet 6 inches.

Long Jump—Won by 122nd F.A., 131st Inf., second: 108th Engrs., third: Distance, 35 feet 6 inches.

100-Yard Dash—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 11.5 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 23.5 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 47.5 seconds.

880-Yard Dash—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 95.5 seconds.

1 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 2:01.5.

2 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 4:03.5.

3 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 6:05.5.

4 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 8:07.5.

5 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 10:09.5.

6 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 12:11.5.

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65 Mile—Won by Lippencott, 108th Am. Train, Time, 132:09.5.

66 Mile—Won

